LINES TO THE LADY
FROM WHOM I BORROWED THE PLAY OF PIZARRO
(WRITTEN ON RETURNING THE BOOK.)

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

All that man should be to woman,
In his friendship true,
All that Rolla was to Cora,
I would be to you,
For you have a noble nature,
Golden as Peru.

Don Alonzo married Cora,
Well her heart he knew,
But his friendship was for Rolla,
Faithful, leal, and true—
Feelings he approved in Cora,
I discern in you.

In this strange, romantic story
My devotion view:
Rolla gave his life for Cora
And Alonzo too—
So would I, with the same motive,
Peril mine for you.

Men their homage pay to women,
And with love pursue;
But long since my heart forever
Bade to love adieu:
All I have on earth is friendship—
That I give to you.

THE TRIAD;
OR,
ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER I.
THE FOREST.

It was the crisis of the great American Revolution. It was the time when the two opposing causes had mustered their utmost power, and were preparing for the final and the decisive struggle. The hand of war lay heavy upon all, and the land groaned under the accumulated ills of years of strife.

In addition to the great contending parties in this momentous strife, there were others, composed of the lowest and basest of mankind, who took advantage of the distracted state of affairs to add to the general ills, and indiscriminately plunder their helpless countrymen. Under such fantastic names as "Cow Boys" and "Skinners," they wandered in roving bands, enveloping the country in ruin and conflagration.

A large district in the neighborhood of New-York was thus overrun by these miscreants. Life became uncertain, property valueless, and a hostile army itself was not so much dreaded as they.

The sun was slowly setting on a sultry summer day in the year 1780, when a strange company came upon the scene, on the road that ran between New-York and Philadelphia.

It was a war party of Indians, about thirty in number. They were all stalwart men, remarkable for stature and agility; their bodies were hideously painted, and covered with the grotesque war gear that the savage loves. They passed quickly onward with a pace which was half running and half walking, and as they went they dragged with them a young white man, whose despairing face and pinioned arms showed that he was a prisoner.

All around were the primeval woods, deep, dark, and hid in an impenetrable shade, whose gloom deepened every moment with the gathering twilight. In the distance rose hills which were clothed in their forest robes up to their very summits. The winding road was the only sign of human handiwork in all the scene.

Soon a light gleamed in the distance. With an exclamation of satisfaction the Indians quickened their pace. Passing rapidly down a long descent, they followed a turn in the road, and there, in an opening of the forest, they halted directly in front of an immense fire.

Close beside the fire there stood two men of striking appearance.

One was dressed as an Indian chief. Tall, sinewy, and athletic, he seemed the beau ideal of a savage warrior. His face, however, presented a singular contradiction of expressions. His eye was as keen and quick as light, but it was full of intelligence: his features were Indian in their outline, yet they had all that mobility and expressiveness which is the result of civilization. His air, also, his gestures and manner as he talked with his companion, were rather those of an Englishman than an Indian brave.

His companion was evidently an American, and he was dressed in common country clothing. His manner was that of one accustomed to command, his voice was imperious, his eye black and flashing.

Between these two men there was a certain marvelous resemblance. It was not so much in material outline of feature, as in that subtle spiritual likeness which nature stamps upon the faces of a family.

These two men were so absorbed in their own conversation that they did not notice the war party till they had come close to the fire, bringing their prisoner with them.

The American gave a careless glance at the new-comers, and then walked slowly away, his head bent on his bosom.

The chief advanced toward his men.

"Who is this?" he asked, in the Huron language.

"A messenger," said the tall warrior, roughly.

"Who sent him?"

"Washington."

"Where was he going?"

"To his French brother with this message."

Saying this, the savage held out a package to his chief. The latter took it. He opened it with a calm and almost careless manner, and after glancing hastily through the contents, he walked over to the American, and said, in perfectly good English—

"There is not anything new in this. You've sent them word already."

At these words the prisoner uttered a cry.

"Save me! save me! My God! you must be an Englishman——"

"Peace," shouted the chief "If you want to live, you had better keep quiet."

"But surely—surely," cried the young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, "you will not leave me in the hands of these fiends? For mercy's sake, loosen these cords."

"Cords!" cried the chief, with a terrible emphasis. "You will soon learn another use for cords."

"It is not for myself that I care," said the poor boy, "but for my mother. She has only me——"

"Peace, I tell you."

"That despatch had nothing harmful in it," continued the prisoner. "You said just now that you had sent word before."

"Ha!" shouted the chief, advancing close to the lad. "You heard that, did you? Then you have spoken your own doom!"

The American also started, and came toward the prisoner.

The latter was as pale as death at the chief's last words, but no sooner had he seen the American than he gave a shout of joy.

"General Arnold!" he cried, in an ecstacy of delight.

It was now the American's turn to grow pale.

"What?" he cried, in a low voice.

"Oh, save me—you will. Do you not remember me! I marched with you to Canada—I was by your side on the plains of Abraham—and at Montreal and at St. Johns. My glorious General! do you not remember the drummer-boy, Tom Poole? Do you not remember how I charged with you against Burgoyne!"

A tempest of conflicting emotions passed over Arnold's brow. As the boy paused, they were succeeded by a deep cloud.

"Boy," said he, "I have buried the past out of my remembrance forever."

"What!" exclaimed the lad, as he reeled under this cruel blow, "Will you disown me, and leave me to the mercies of these fierce savages?"

"I am done with mercy," said Arnold, sternly; "I seek now only revenge."

"This to me," faltered the boy, "from you? Oh, my General!"

"Even so," said Arnold, sternly. "Friend is a word that I do not know. I cannot create any exceptional pity for you. Better friends than you must fall before long."

The lad looked long and earnestly in Arnold's face, but found there no ray of hope. His suspense was followed by despair.

And now, in his despair, all boyish weakness vanished. Finding death inevitable, he summoned up all his fortitude to meet it like a hero.

"If you doom me," he said, "you doom your country! Remember that, General Arnold."

"Be it so."

"I am in the service of my country. If I die, it will be for her, and my blood and my country's curse will fall on you."

"I will survive it," sneered Arnold.

"False traitor!" cried the boy, in a frenzy of indignation, "will you dare to betray the holy cause of Liberty at such a time as this?"

"Gondo," said Arnold, quietly, "I think I will leave you to finish this conversation. It is your affair. I don't control you. I have nothing at all to do with it. You will have to do just as you please."

"Oh, my country!" cried the boy. "Would that my death could compensate for this man's treason!"

"It would take a thousand lives like your's to do that."

"Would that I had a thousand lives," said the boy; "how gladly I would lay them down."

"Enough!" said the chief, whom Arnold had called Gondo; "Warriors, assemble."

The Indians obeyed.

"Prisoners," said Gondo, as the Indians assembled in a ring around the fire, "you are in the hands of a tribunal devoted to the interests of his Majesty King George. We have but one sentence for those whom we capture, and we only capture those for whom that sentence is appropriate. Our aim is to extinguish disloyalty, and quench rebellion."

"You are worthy subjects of King George," said the prisoner, scornfully, glancing at the savages; "he is partial to such as you."

"We are very useful to him."

"Yet the time will come when this afflicted land will be fully avenged," said the lad, with kindling eyes.

"There is revenge to be had all round," said Gondo. "Who am I? Have I no revenges?" and his eyes blazed with intense luster.

"You may take a few lives, but freedom will conquer at last. I am glad to give mine for my country. Merciless wretch, more merciless than these ignorant savages with whom you associate, as sure as there is a God in Heaven you will one day meet with a fit retribution."

Gondo gave a sinister smile.

"It is evident that it would never do to let you escape," said he; "you know too much. You might recognize us to our injury if we let you off."

"It would indeed be to your injury, wretch. I defy you. I care not how much you may torture me, and not even if you burn me at the stake."

"You are quite mistaken about us," said Gondo, with a sarcastic smile; "torture and burning are too barbarous by far for us. We merely extinguish life in the simplest manner."

While the chief was speaking, and even while the lad was preparing to answer, the end came.

A huge savage stepped up behind the prisoner. There was a sudden report, and the undaunted soul of the drummer-boy had joined the army of martyrs.

The report rang wildly and terribly through the forest, waking innumerable echoes, and flowing far away in long reverberations. As the last sounds ceased, Arnold walked up to where the body lay.

For a few moments he regarded it in silence, with folded arms.

"Poor lad!" he murmured. "It was hard to condemn you, and refuse your prayers, but it would have been ruin to save you. Yet I am not responsible. If I had not been here you would as certainly have perished."

He paused and looked around. "And this," he said pensively, "is the beginning. Where will it end? But away with such thoughts as those. There is no remedy for it. Ruin presses me from behind. Revenge for all my wrongs incites me from before. Onward—and let all who are in my path perish."

After further conversation with Gondo, Arnold prepared to depart. One by one the Indians went away, their dusky figures melting like shadows in the surrounding gloom, until at last all the scene was deserted, and nothing was left but the prostrate form of the dead, faintly illuminated by the last flickering rays of the expiring fire.

CHAPTER II.
GONDO.

A few hours afterward the stillness was broken by the thunder of horsehoofs over the stony road. The moon had risen, and was shining brightly downward as the rider approached the opening in the forest. The smoke of the dying fire arrested his attention, and, reining up his horse, he regarded it fixedly.

At length he caught sight of the body of the youth. Uttering an exclamation, he turned his horse toward it.

Upon reaching the spot, he dismounted, and turned the face round, so that the full rays of the moon were cast directly upon it. Scarcely had he done so than he uttered a cry.

"Tom Poole!" he cried; "poor, poor fellow. Have you come to this?"

He examined it then more closely. He distinguished the mortal wound, and felt that the heart had ceased to beat forever; and upon the top of the head he found the trace of the remorseless savage—the trace of the scalping-knife. But this was a peculiar mark, for it was cut off in the shape of a triangle, and the scalp was fastened on the breast of the dead.

"The Triad!" cried the new comer.

"Oh, assassins! Whoever ye be, base cowards, that strike in the dark. Would that I had a few resolute souls to follow me so that I might trace you out. I would find you then, even if it were in the very heart of the British camp."

"Too late!" he continued. "I can do nothing here, and time presses. I must away."

Hastily mounting his horse, he continued his journey at the same rapid pace.

He was a young man, with fine martial figure, and handsome, open-hearted face, with hair that clustered round his brow like the locks of Antinous. He was dressed in the uniform of captain in the Continental army, and was armed to encounter the dangers of the road.

His horse was a powerful animal, which kept on for a long time at one rapid rate of speed, until the dawn gradually woke over the eastern hills. By this time he drew near to a village.

There the wearied rider stopped and slept for a few hours. Rising again, he went out and prepared to resume his journey. While thus engaged a man drew near, who clapped him brusquely on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Hallo, Harry Temple! Why I thought you were at West Point."

"Captain Gondo," cried Temple, looking up and smilingly shaking hands, "How are you? Yes, I was at West Point, but I had to leave on important business."

"Whither?"

"To Philadelphia."

"Dispatches?"

"Yes."

"And when did you come through?"

"Last night."

"Last night!"—a perceptible shadow passed over Gondo's face—"how many were with you?"

"None."

"None? Did you come alone?"

"Yes."

"It was the boldest thing you ever did. I hear the Tories are out, all through the intervening country."

"I believe they must be," said Temple sadly.

"Did you hear or see anything of them," asked Gondo, with unfeigned anxiety.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Jenken's Opening, a lonely place too," said Temple, with a slight shudder. "I found there the dead body of as noble-hearted and as true a fellow as ever breathed. Poor Tom Poole."

"Tom Poole!" cried Gondo. "I have heard of him. He was a brave little fellow. And do you say that he was killed?"

"Foully killed."

"How?"

"By that assassin's band—the Triad."

"Good heavens!"

"He was alone, and had been assassinated."

"What wretches!"

"I feel as though he calls on me to avenge him. If I can obtain leave, I will take a band of resolute men and hunt out these villains, if I have to march through the whole country."

"And I will join you," cried Gondo, with a fine burst of indignation. "Count on me, first of all, my dear Temple."

"I will—I will. To tell the truth, I did think of you as the first man that I would ask."

"That's right. And if we could get enough men I would like nothing better than to hunt out every 'Cow-boy' also, and hang every man of them up to the nearest tree."

"Ah, if the men could only be spared!"

"And why can they not?"

"Because every soldier is wanted. The army is concentrating, you know, so as to act with the French, in striking a decisive blow upon the British. But you know all this as well as I. Have you not got your orders?"

"Oh, yes."

"And when are you going?"

"I'm going to Philadelphia this morning," said Gondo.

"Are you," cried Temple, with delight. "Then we can go together."

"Yes, if you can wait three hours for me."

"Three hours!" and Temple's countenance fell. "My dear Gondo, I cannot wait three minutes."

"Are you in such a hurry?"

"Yes, I cannot wait another moment."

"And, unfortunately, I have much to do here before I go," said the other."

"Well, well, I'm very sorry; but we'll meet again soon," said Temple, who now mounted his horse. Bidding his companion adieu, the young soldier put spurs to his horse and was off like a flash.

Gondo watched him in silence for some time. His dark complexion, sharp and jet black eyes, and thin aquiline nose, all hightened the sinister expression of his face. As he stood watching the rapidly-departing rider, another joined him.

"The Continental uniform is more becoming than the dress of a Sachem," said the new-comer, with his usual sneer. Gondo turned and saw Arnold.

"When you go to West Point you will do well to get rid of that man," said he.

"I have been thinking so."

"He would be very apt to interfere in any plans."

"I must see to it."

"What time will you start for Philadelphia?"

"Immediately."

CHAPTER III.
WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF.

In a chamber in Philadelphia there was at that time an illustrious company. Here Harry Temple had gone immediately upon his arrival, and here he now communicated what he had to tell.

"This Triad gang," said General Knox, bluntly, "seems to be worse than any of them. There is an air of bravado about their system of marking their victims which is maddening to think of. They cannot be Indians, or they would carry the scalp away; and yet I can scarcely bring myself to believe that any white men could be found who would thus make themselves savages."

"Oh," exclaimed De La Luzerne, the French Envoy, "is it not worse to kill a man than to scalp him?"

"But to scalp their victims adds to the atrocity of the crime," cried Knox.

"My friends," said Lafayette, "it is a painful fact, not only that civil war is more bitter than all other wars, but that the civilized man far surpasses the savage in excess of cruelty when he gives himself up to his passions. In this war our enemies stop at nothing; and not content with hiring savages to fight for them, they rival the savages themselves in cruelty."

"Oh, for the hour when we shall close with them finally," cried Knox.

"It is not far distant," said Lafayette.

"Our combined forces will be irresistible."

"And all the more so since they fight the battles of glorious Freedom."

"We have had some glorious triumphs; but the greatest of them all is yet to come."

"Yes; in our present state, when we meet them, victory will be certain."

"But, I confess, I would give more for the annihilation of these gangs of assassins, than for a victory over the entire British army."

"Let us achieve the greater first, and then we can accomplish the less."

"I hope our glorious Arnold will have his part to perform," said De La Luzerne, who had a deep admiration for that general.

"His fiery nature," said Lafayette, "has unfortunately made him many enemies; but in battle he is a hero."

"Yes; in battle," cried Luzerne, "he is a Bayard—sans peur, et sans reproche."

"His troubles have been bad for the common cause."

"And they have greatly embittered his own soul."

Meanwhile the leader of them all sat quietly among them, absorb in thought. No man ever impressed others with such deep feelings of reverence as did Washington. All bowed to him with involuntary confession of his superiority. His calm and comprehensive spirit seemed to dwell upon a plane above the reach of common minds, whence he could look out upon a wider field of view than could be grasped by others. This large insight into men and things gave him knowledge of all the difficulties before him, but also showed him the distant goal, clearly and plainly.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a few assassinations may startle us, but need not make us despair. There are more dangerous things than murderers. I find that, by some means or other, some of our most vital secrets are divulged to the enemy."

The whole company gave an involuntary start.

"Secrets, gentlemen, which should only be known to a very few of us, are already quite familiar to Sir Henry Clinton. It would not be so bad were these gained from despatches that the enemy may chance to take. But there are certain things which have never been committed to despatches, or writing of any kind, and these have been in some way communicated to him. Traitors must be around us, and spies in our midst, whom we do not dream of. As yet who the traitor is, baffles my comprehension; I only know that the thing must be. Time only can tell us more. Meanwhile we will have to be more than ever on the watch!"

At this intelligence a deep silence fell upon all.

Washington resumed in a kind of half soliloquy:

"The easiest part of this war is that which we wage against the British: the most difficult and dangerous that which is carried on among ourselves. To meet in battle, to guide armies, to attack, or to defend, all this is easy and inspiring. The soul grows strong with such an exercise. But to battle with prejudice, jealousy, envy, and discouragements of every kind, to find apathy instead of zeal, and sullen discontent instead of earnest support—to be checked, thwarted, betrayed, in every way, and to see ten new difficulties rise up in the place of every one that has been removed—this, my friends, is a hard and a terrible fight."

"Yes," said Lafayette, whose generous and sympathetic nature entered instinctively into all the difficulties of his great associate—"Yes—and it is a struggle that gives no fame. If we are overcome we are disgraced, and if we conquer them we gain no glory, for this kind of enemy is not visible to the general world."

"Concerning these secrets, gentlemen," pursued Washington, "which have been divulged to the enemy, I have been forced to one conclusion, and it is rather a fearful one. Each branch of this treasonable correspondence may seem to be isolated, and unimportant. But I am sorry to say that it is not so. They seem to be the scattered outworks of one grand and comprehensive plot. That plot has not yet been completed, although it is rapidly developing itself. What may be the inner core and essence of this I cannot tell, but I have already imagined the result, if it is successfully carried out——"

"What, what!" cried all, breathlessly.

"Ruin," said Washington, with impressive tones. "Deep, and utter, and lasting ruin to us and all our hopes."

The company eyed one another in dismay. Such language as this from such a man sank with fearful weight into their hearts. It was all the worse since he finally confessed that he could not even imagine who the traitor was, or what was the central aim of all these minor treacheries.

"I have tried to discover messengers, but in vain. I have wondered whether this new gang that calls itself the 'Triad' may not be concerned in it. But who knows anything about the Triad?"

"No one," said Knox, "no one. Every one who has seen them has died, and received their mark on his scalp."

"It will never do to let this thing go on in this way," said Lafayette. "If this band is so dangerous, exterminate it."

At this Harry Temple started.

"This gang unites the cruelty of the savage," said Washington, "with the skill of the white man. Do you not see, gentlemen, how they are already affecting the minds of the people? The leader of this gang has evidently heard of the ancient 'Vehmgericht.'"

"The Vehmgericht!" cried Lafayette. "So it is. It is arising again on a small scale in America."

"Small now, but who knows where it may end."

"Their leader evidently understands the minds of men. Mystery, and cruelty, and darkness, can always excite the fear of the multitude."

By this time Harry Temple had caught the eye of Washington, who saw that he wished to speak, and kindly encouraged him.

"If men could be spared," said Harry in modest but eager tones, "I would like to lead a company to find out these miscreants—I know some bold spirits that would accompany me, and I think we could learn something of them."

The company listened approvingly—Washington alone did not seem to assent.

"If our men," said he, "were more numerous I would let you go at once on this duty. But they are few, and every man is wanted for the coming conflict."

Harry Temple understood the General's meaning and bowed.

"Perhaps, however," said Washington, "after this present movement is made we may have some time to devote to these fellows, and then the commission shall be yours."

Harry Temple was overwhelmed with delight at the appreciation of his abilities, though disappointed at not being able to use them immediately. Other thoughts, however, soon took possession of his mind.

In a little while he took his departure and went out into the streets. With brightened eye and quick step he paced along.

"I wonder how she will receive me," said he. And with this thought he knocked at the door of a fine mansion, in the upper part of the city.

"Is Miss Wells at home?"

"Yes," replied the servant, and the young officer entered.

CHAPTER IV.
THE LOVERS.

After waiting for a few moments in the principal room the door opened, and a young lady entered. Her graceful figure and lovely face might well have excited the young man's admiration, and won his love. As she greeted him, her face showed a slight embarrassment, which made her all the more charming.

She could not have been over seventeen, and she had a fresh, frank manner, and a girlish laugh that was fascinating in the extreme.

"Is your father at home now?" asked Temple.

"Yes, he is in the city; but he is not in the house," said she, with a slight blush, "or you would not be sitting so quietly in this room."

"Has he not relented toward me?"

"No; not at all. But, indeed, I do not think that he gives you a thought now. His mind is all engrossed in business."

"His political feelings, I suppose, are as strong as ever?"

"Yes, quite as strong," and the young girl's face became filled with anxiety. "I do not know what will become of us in this place. My father does not dare to open his lips now; but I'm afraid he will get into trouble."

"Oh, if he remains quiet he will not get into trouble," said Temple cheerily; and then to remove the anxiety which his fair companion showed, he recounted to her the events of his journey. She listened with breathless attention.

"Who is this Gondo?" she asked at length.

"Do you not know him?"

"Oh, yes; I have seen him here. But who or what is he? His swarthy face makes him look like an Arab, but his accent and manner are English. Besides, he is well-educated, and well-informed. He would be an agreeable companion if he were not so terrible."

"His complexion is rather dark, I confess. I don't know what country he can belong to."

"I think he is an Arab."

"But his whole manner is English."

"Is he a friend of yours?" she asked.

"Yes," said Temple, "though we are not devoted to each other. He is a pleasant companion, and we have often met."

"Do you think he is a man to be trusted?"

"Well—as much as people generally are," said Temple, with a smile. "But if you dislike him I will avoid him."

"Oh!" said the other, with a little confusion, "do not be influenced by me."

"But how can I help it?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"Do you not, Clara?" said the young man, in a deep tone of voice, drawing his chair nearer to her.

But Clara did not seem to invite any confidences. Indeed, she seemed to dread them. She looked around in a kind of dismay.

"Clara," again said Temple, in deep emotion.

Her eyes met his for one moment—his, earnest, adoring; hers filled in all their dark depth with a strange expression, as though affection struggled with maiden timidity. It was but for an instant, however. The next moment she made a desperate effort to change the course of conversation.

"What can this Gondo be?" she said, slowly, looking downward as she spoke.

But Temple could not now be diverted from his aim. His whole soul was roused. He had called her by her own name, which he so dearly loved. He must now tell her all.

"Will you listen to me for one moment," he asked, imploringly, "dearest Clara?"

Clara again caught his eye, and her face flamed into confusion. At length she started abruptly from her chair.

"There! there! he is pursued!" she cried, in a half-distracted manner.

"Who! what?"

"My father! Oh, I am so afraid."

She leaned against the window, and looked up the street.

"There is nothing there," said Temple, with some vexation.

"But my father has already been pursued to his house by a frantic mob and now I live in hourly fear of his life."

"Is it possible?" cried Temple, in surprise.

"Yes. They have threatened to burn the house down if he is found communicating with the British."

"But he wouldn't do that, would he?" asked Temple.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," said Clara, "he has some secret employment."

"Then let him beware!" cried Temple, in an involuntary burst of wrath.

"Beware?" cried Clara. "And do you, too, threaten?" She started back from him.

"Threaten? Ah, no; forgive me. You misunderstood me. I only thought of the dangers to which he exposed himself."

But Clara looked coldly upon him:

"Whatever fate falls upon him," she said, with calm and resolute tone, "is shared by me. I accompany him in every danger. If he is attacked, I also will be attacked; and if I am not strong enough to fight, I am yet strong enough to die!"

Temple turned pale; he felt as though a wide gulf were opening between him and Clara.

"Call him a Tory, and a traitor," she said, passionately, "but to me he is a father, and I will be his faithful daughter through every trial!"

"Oh, Clara, I beseech you do not speak to me in such a tone. Forgive me if by any chance I have offended you. Clara, I would give my life for your father."

"You have no reason to love him," she said.

"I do not love him," said Temple.

"Then why do you talk about dying for him?" said Clara.

"It would be for you—for you!" cried Temple, with kindling eye, and voice tremulous with emotion. "I love you—I adore you! Will you not hear me—will you not listen to me! Give me some hope—you cannot be so cruel as to turn me away! Speak! I beseech you, Clara"

The young man paused, and, seizing her hand, he looked earnestly and imploringly at her. Clara's eyes fell beneath the ardor of his glance. She looked troubled and frightened. She gently drew her hand from his.

"Will you not give me one ray of hope?" asked Temple, with an imploring voice—"not one word——"

"Oh!" cried Clara, at last bursting into tears, "if you do love me as you say you do—if this is true—spare me now! do not——"

But at this moment the door was flung open, and a man entered the room. He was pale and breathless. He started back as he saw Temple.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Clara, rushing up to him. "Oh! I am so glad. I have been so anxious. Have they threatened you again? Are you pursued?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Wells, looking haughtily at Temple, "have you forgotten what I told you when you were here last?"

"No, sir, I have not," said Temple.

"You seem to have done so," said Wells. "So, in order to freshen your memory, I will tell you again: You are not wanted here, sir! You are a low-born, ill-bred Rebel! Do you hear that? And if words cannot keep you away, I will try what virtue there is in kicks! That was what I told you when you were here last!" cried Wells, in a furious rage, "and that is what I tell you now!"

"Sir," said Temple, "were you any one else than the father of Clara, you would answer with your life for such an insult!"

"The father of her whom you so familiarly call 'Clara,'" said Wells, "is infinitely obliged to you for your distinguished consideration. Perhaps you find it equally convenient to have such an excuse for pocketing an insult."

Temple turned as pale as death.

"Is it not enough, sir," continued Wells, "that my life is made a torment by your associates outside? Is it not enough that I cannot walk the streets in peace? Must you, too, come to invade the privacy of my own house, to act the spy—to plot against me—to——. In the name of Heaven," cried Wells, lashing himself to fury, "are you going? I don't want to kick you out, or you will bring a mob here to sack the house. What will you take to go peaceably? Will a hundred pounds do? Speak!"

Temple uttered a terrible oath. At this painful scene Clara had clung to her father with pale face and despairing look. The deadly insult which Temple had received banished from him the last vestige of consideration for Wells.

"Miserable man!" he cried, "do you talk about spying and treason—and to me? Thank God, my name is unsullied, and the insults which you throw at me fall back upon yourself."

He turned away, not daring to speak more, for a fiery passion raged through every vein, and had Clara not been present, he would have wiped out his insult with blood. Slowly, with rigid limbs and livid face, he passed out of the house.

CHAPTER V.
LYNCH LAW.

Distracted by a thousand contending feelings, the young officer walked swiftly out into the country, and sought to soothe his ruffled spirits by vigorous and violent exercise. Yet the insults of Wells had cut him to the very soul, and could not easily be forgotten.

In vain he thought of different excuses for the old man's violence. He could not forgive him. No amount of persecution or scorn that Wells had received at the hands of others could at all excuse his infamous behavior to him.

At last he tried to think of Clara. But here he found little comfort. Did she love him. How could he tell. She had evaded his addresses, she had sought to escape his confession, and her last broken words before the interruption of their interview seemed to prohibit further attention. Should he take her at her word? Should he give her up?

Ah! what would he not give to avenge his wrongs, and wipe out his dishonor in the life-blood of Wells!

But Clara's look—so full of affection—a look whose timid meaning was unmistakable, bound him still to her. In vain he tried to give her up. Her face was before him always; and in the thronging fancies that came before him, there still was her sweet, her pure, her loving eyes.

He had walked out, and was rapidly returning by the same road. As he came back, there rose from afar a strange and portentous sound.

The road ran directly by the house of Wells; an awful thought came to his mind. Unable to endure his suspense, he started off on a full run, and soon reached a turn in the road, where all the scene burst at once upon his view.

In the few hours that had elapsed since the arrival of Harry Temple, the story of the horrible murder of poor Tom Poole had been spread throughout the whole city with a thousand accessories. From mouth to mouth the story passed, gaining new horrors, until at last the whole city thrilled to one feeling of intense fury.

Wells had heard the story and rapidly returned home. He had heard that it was Temple who brought the news, and felt that the effect of this tragedy would be disastrous for himself, hence his unusual rage when he saw Temple in his own house.

His fears had not been without foundation. He was one of the most bitter partizans of the British cause in the city, and was constantly under the suspicion of the rulers. Now when the news of the "Triad" gang, and the cruel tragedy which they had wrought, had spread abroad, the people rose up with one united clamor for vengeance, and every hand pointed at once at Wells. These furious passions spread like a flame from man to man, increasing in fury as it spread, until their thirst for vengeance could no longer be appeased without a victim.

In one vast body the mob moved to Wells's house, rending the air with shouts, groans, imprecations and cries of vengeance.

And, indeed, there was some excuse. Treason was all abroad. Spies were everywhere. British gold was freely lavished. It was the crisis of an awful contest, on which depended their honors, fortunes and lives, and all the welfare of coming ages. What punishment then could be too severe for the miscreant who, in such a state of affairs, would dare to betray his country. In that day a traitor was the blackest of criminals, and his punishment was quick, and sharp, and terrible.

As Harry Temple turned in the road and looked down, a wild roar came up to his ears that chilled his blood.

An enormous crowd was around the house, swaying, surging, shouting. Volleys of stones crashed into the windows and against the walls.

"Death to the traitor!"

"Down with his house!"

"Fire the house!"

"Tar and feathers!"

"Ride him on a rail!"

Ten thousand screams and cries, embodying every vindictive feeling of the crowd, rose terribly on high.

With bursting heart and unutterable agony, Harry Temple rushed down the road; madly he tore his way through the crowd. Fifty frenzied men had seized a stick of timber, and had burst open the door, just as he reached the spot.

"Great God!" cried Temple, in an agony. "They're lost!"

And wild and high rose the shouts of the mob—"Kill!" "Kill!" "Fire!" "Burn the house!" "Vengeance for Poole!" "Death to traitors!"

Temple struck right and left. Careless of everything, he sought to pierce the crowd, and gain the door. But there was a living wall between him and the house.

In vain he shouted. Waving his sword in the air, he called in the name of Congress, and ordered them to open a way. He might as well have spoken to the waves of the sea.

Suddenly a piercing shriek burst upon his ear. That voice! The sound struck terribly upon his heart. But he was powerless; wedged in among the crowd, he heard the scream of Clara, and could do nothing to save her.

A rush of human beings came out of the door which pierced the crowd. A dozen strong men bore in their arms a wretched human being, whose pale face and chattering teeth showed that he was at the last extremity of fear. A storm of execrations rolled up from the crowd. They thirsted for his blood.

With a convulsive effort Temple reached the prisoner, and caught his arm.

At the sight of the young man Wells revived.

"Save me," he cried with a torrent of abject entreaties that was unintelligible in the uproar.

"Deliver him up," cried Temple.

His pale face, his disordered manner, his bloodshot eyes, and his drawn sword arrested the crowd.

"Who are you?" they shouted with an oath.

"I am dispatched by the Commander-in-Chief to prevent bloodshed," said Temple. "Whoever harms that man will answer for it himself. The laws will be enforced."

"Don't be afraid. We'll not take his life," said one of them.

"Give him up."

"Away," cried the others. "We'll spare his life. That's enough. Beware how you interfere."

What more Temple would have done, cannot be said, if he had not been drawn elsewhere. For now a crackling and roaring sound arose behind him, a puff of smoke came down, and the crowd, with one roar like the noise of a thousand waves, cried out exultingly—

"Fire!"

Temple turned away. There was another life ten thousand times more precious to him than all else, and that life was now enveloped by fire. Wildly and frantically he rushed through the rooms, calling out the name of his beloved.

But no sound came back, save the rush of the furious flames within that rioted among the tapestries and furniture of the house. They climbed the walls, they threw out their fiery arms over the ceiling, they rolled in lurid streams up the stairway.

Like a madman, Temple rushed about, searching every room and closet. What was life to him? His love, his life, his darling, was there amid the flames, and he resolved to rescue her or die. He did not dream of surviving her. If he could not find her he would remain and perish.

He climbed far upstairs to the attic, but she was not there—not in any room of the second or third stories—not on the lower flat—not in the kitchen or out-houses.

At last he rushed into the cellar. At that moment the house above seemed like one vast sheet of flame. Round it stood a silent crowd. Soon the silence was broken by loud yells and cheers—a procession came from a neighboring field, bearing a singular figure, that bore no resemblance of anything living.

It was Wells, the Tory—he was covered with tar and feathers, and riding on a rail.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in The New-York Ledger, the great family paper, which is now ready and for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember, and ask for The New-York Ledger for July 27, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW STORY.
In this week's NEW-YORK LEDGER we shall begin a new story by Mrs. Southworth, entitled, "EUDORA; or, THE FALSE PRINCESS"—a work of unusual power and transcendent interest. Eudora, the heroine, is a high-born orphan girl, of such exquisite personal beauty, and such winning loveliness of mind and spirit, as to be utterly irresistible. And yet this angelic creature, whose only wish is to minister to the wants of her fellow-creatures, is, by the demoniac machinations of the "False Princess," (who occupies toward Eudora the relation of a bosom friend, and is thus enabled to pursue her plots undetected,) brought under the ban of the cruelest suspicions, and exposed to death on the charge of committing crimes perpetrated by the arch-plotter herself. In the working-out of this complicated and thrilling narrative, Mrs. Southworth excels all her previous efforts, and has produced a story which will be read with absorbing interest.

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